

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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EASTER HYMN.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!
—*Charles Wesley.*

"SOULS ALREADY RISEN WITH CHRIST."

"If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things
which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of
God."—COL. iii. 1.

The festival of Easter is the oldest of the
festivals of the Church, and also the chief
festival. Long before any one thought of
keeping Christmas, Christians kept with joy
the festival of the resurrection.

There is no doubt that to the early Chris-
tians the resurrection of Jesus was the great
historical fact of Christianity. Paul himself,

who gives us an ideal and spiritual Christ,
surprises us by saying that, unless Christ is
risen, all Christian preaching and belief are
vain; for all rest on that fact, all revolve
around it. The celebration of Easter Sunday
has been, during nearly eighteen centuries, a
perpetual declaration by the whole Church
of faith in the resurrection of Jesus. It has
been a day of joy, of triumph, of hope: it
has given mankind confidence in a future
life. It has swallowed up the horror of the
crucifixion, and surrounded the cross with
a halo of glory. It has abolished death, ful-
filling the prediction of Jesus, "If a man keep
my sayings, *he shall not see death.*" Chris-
tians have often ceased to notice that there
is such a thing as death. But, more than
this, it has given the world confidence in the
power of Jesus to save the soul, to forgive
sin, to purify from all unrighteousness. It
has given us faith in a spiritual life which
shall never know spiritual death, in the cer-
tain moral triumph of good over evil. Here
a physical fact and an ideal truth meet to-
gether: here spiritual religion and historic
experience kiss each other. An event which
happened outwardly on this earth about
eighteen hundred and fifty years ago is in-
dissolubly connected with the moral and re-
ligious life of the world.

Man does not live by bread only, nor does
he believe by reason only, nor perceive only
by his senses. He lives by every word
which proceedeth from the mouth of God,—
by reason and sympathy, intellect and love,
by intuition, sentiment, aspiration, faith.
Now, the man who is himself filled with these
qualities in a high degree has power to rouse
them in others. The truly eloquent man is
one who speaks out of a full heart and soul.
He whose soul is most alive can move others
the most. He moves them, not by his words
only, but by his whole character and being.
A great soul, embodied not in words, but in
a great life, in noble actions, in truths borne
witness to by suffering and deeds, he
stamps truth on the souls of mankind with
an indelible impression. When great
thoughts come from a living soul, equally
great, all men feel their power. Thus it is

the life of Jesus and the grandeur of his soul which can alone explain the immense impression which his teaching has made on the world.

Why is such great importance ascribed to this one event? Why were the apostles chosen, not so much to be witnesses to the other events in the life of Christ, as to be the witnesses to his resurrection?

The answer is that this great fact gave the disciples of Jesus a faith, courage, power, joy, which they could obtain from nothing else. They had seen their Master die in cruel tortures on the cross, conquered by the hatred of his foes. Malice had done its worst. All hope was at an end. At once they found him at their side, again alive. He had not gone down into some dark Hades: he had gone up to be with God, his Father and their Father. He had gone up, but had not gone away. They felt him nearer to them than ever before. They speak of sitting with him in heavenly places while still in this world. They had already risen with him, for this sublime faith in his presence and power lifted them into a different atmosphere of faith and love. Therefore, Paul says to them in one text, "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." As Jesus was living above in heaven with God, and yet was with them in all their work here, so they were also living in heaven with him while doing that work below. Thus the resurrection was not a past event, not a single miracle, like the raising of Lazarus, but a continued miracle, a constant supernatural presence going with them everywhere. It was a life of faith and love, forever flowing from the heavenly world into their hearts and lives. It was not a break in the order of things, again to be repaired, but an opening out of the higher world, through which a steady influx of spiritual life came down to the hearts of all believers, abolishing death and bringing life and immortality to light.

So, when the apostles speak of the resurrection of Christ, they are not speaking of a miracle which happened long ago, but of what was happening then,—not a past portent, but the presence of heavenly power and love going with them always. That Christ rose from the dead was not a miracle in the sense of a violation of the laws of nature. On the contrary, it was the revelation of a hitherto undiscovered natural and universal law. As Jesus rose, so should all rise. It was a revealed law that as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. Adam represents the earthly part, which alone dies; Christ, the spiritual part, which lives on, un-

touched by death. The resurrection of Christ was, therefore, no mere wonder, but a revelation that death is nothing to the soul, only a step in its upward progress.

The only exceptional fact in the resurrection of Jesus was that he was able to appear to his disciples, and thus to show them the truth of his immortality and theirs. But why should it be thought impossible or incredible that God, in the order of his providence, which causes all the dead to rise, should allow it to be sometimes seen and known that they rise. If this were ever to be permitted, it would be in the case of Jesus. One so full of divine life, having this great work to do of saving all mankind from woe and sin, and of lifting all into communion with God, might well have the power to break through the thin partition which divides the world of spirit from the world of sense, and to make himself visible to those he loved, to give them strength for their work. It is evident that he felt in himself this power, even before he died. He spoke of rising on the third day. He said he had power to lay down his life and take it again, that he was himself the resurrection and the life. He was so filled with divine inspiration that he saw beforehand that he should rise up when he seemed to go down, and that death could have no dominion over him.

We to-day, dear friends, enter into this region of faith. We also are risen with Christ. We sit in heavenly places with him. For heaven is not a place far off, above the skies, somewhere outside of the orbit of Saturn and Neptune, but it is a world of spiritual life all around us. Christ has abolished death to all who believe in him. Those who believe in him do not die: they go on, they go in, they go up.

While the disciples at Emmaus were talking with their Master, their eyes were opened and they knew him. While we talk with Jesus on this Easter Sunday, our eyes are opened and we know him. He is our friend, the friend of every soul that needs him. He is the friend of every poor, sinful, broken heart that thinks it has no friend on earth. He is the friend of all who wish to have his help. The true Christ is not in the past: he is here. He is not dead and gone. Behold! he is alive forevermore. He has not come merely to give us a right to be with him in some future heaven. He has brought heaven down to us here. He is with us always, even to the end of the world.

The power of the resurrection is in this: that it abolishes death. It teaches us that death is really nothing. What we call death is a step on and up. It is a step upward to

all, even to the worst man, to the most impenitent sinner. Resurrection strictly means ascent. Translated rightly, it is *surrection*, or going up. They who have done good go up to the resurrection of life; they who have done evil, to the resurrection of judgment. The good go up to receive more life: the bad go up to see themselves as they are, to be freed from self-deception, to know their folly and sin. There is keen suffering, no doubt, when the bad man, who has deceived himself in this world, sees himself as he is. But that suffering is good for him; he has gone up to receive it; he is higher than he was before.

Since God gives death to all his creatures to whom he gives life, death must be as necessary a good as life. Death is a universal gift of God. Every creature that lives must die. Therefore, death is no punishment, no evil, but a part of the universal plan and law of progress.

Let us realize our immortality this Easter morning. Let us know that there stretches before us an endless life,—not a few years only in which to think out the truth, and work for the good, and then all over, but time enough for all thought, all work, all hope, all love. How narrow and puny is the life of him who does not believe in a hereafter! How little he ventures to undertake! how worthless seems all he can do, if it is to end to-morrow, and no more! But to us, believing in an endless, upward tendency of life, in a ceaseless advance toward the infinite truth and love, there is perpetual incentive to progress.

Resurrection is going up, not down, at death. We go up according to the amount of life in us. Jesus is the resurrection and the life, because, being so full of life himself, he opens our souls to receive life and love from God. He vitalizes us, and so lifts us up. Immortality is a thing of degrees. It is the conscious existence and progress of the will devoted to what is right and good. Still more full of immortality is the soul which trusts in the infinite care of God, trusts in him as a Father, commits itself to him as a faithful Creator, and reposes in his perfect love. In such a soul there is a fulness of life which is itself immortality.

Immortality is the sense of life, the sense of a full existence, coming always from God. Conscious that God lives in it, and that it lives and moves and has its being in him, it has no dread of death. Death has no dominion over it. The only death is the fear of death,—the want of faith in things unseen, the low desire which clings only to what perishes.

The Latin nations call this day by a name

derived from the Passover. It looks to our deliverance from death and the rescue from the grave. But the Teutonic nations give it a name derived from the other view,—of the coming of a new life. It is Easter, or rising up: it means the spring, when all nature arises, renewed by a perpetual miracle. The coming of new life every spring seems always a miracle, but it is only the operation of a continued law. So our rising out of death seems a miracle, but it also comes by a divine law. When the little buds, carefully packed up in numerous envelopes, defying frost, begin to swell, and to shake out their tiny leaves into the soft air, it seems like a miracle; but it is according to a law. When the dry seeds in the ground thrust down their tender rootlets and push up their soft stalks, and presently change the brown earth to gentle green, it also seems a miracle; but it is the divine life working by a divine law in nature. When you or I seem to go down into death, but really pass up into fuller life, that also will seem a miracle; but it will be the power of God working according to universal order to fill us with himself.

Therefore, on this Easter Sunday morning, while its sun shines so brightly around us, let us all thank God and take courage. Let us not look backward, but forward; not downward, but upward; not be desponding, but hopeful. Are there any of us here who feel lonely, bereaved, desolate? Behold! the heavens are opened, and an innumerable company of friends are waiting for you to welcome you when you go up, and lead you to him who liveth and was dead and is alive forevermore. Are there any of us who are hesitating to do what we know to be right, not ready yet to do our duty, still postponing till to-morrow what we ought to do to-day? Let us on this bright Easter morning begin to do our work in full faith that God will enable us to accomplish it in this or in some other world. O weary heart, arise, and be strong! Sad soul, be glad to-day; for Christ has arisen! Sinful soul, turn to God and forsake your sins, and be made alive! Take part in the better resurrection, which lifts out of evil into good. Make this day the beginning of a new life, which shall never know any end, but shine brighter to the perfect day.

If we, then, be risen with Christ, let us seek those things that are above. Our sense of immortal life will deepen as we devote ourselves to all things generous, humane, true, and good. This is the true way to keep Easter,—to rise out of all that is poor, mean, cowardly, into courage and faith. Let us give ourselves, souls and bodies, to God,

and be sure that all things will work for good to those who love him.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.
—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Death, sooner or later, comes to all. But, if it be the gate to higher life, who would wish to escape it? Who would be anxious about the how or the when of the going, when He without whom no sorrow falls, folds every child of his in his embrace? The death-angel does not make us spirits; God did that

at the beginning; but it helps the spirit out of its material body into its native air. On both sides of the river Love reigns! Fear ye not, therefore, children of God, heirs of life eternal! ye are of more value than many sparrows. Fear ye not! Does the tornado sweep the earth? He maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. Does the sea engulf our dearest treasures? The sea is his, and he made it. He hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand. He is working out his vast design; turning defeat into victory, and making our sharpest trials tend to growth of soul. Our Father is at the helm of destiny, and "All's well!"

Great lives spring from great Faith. The golden hands on the great clock of nature never go back. The inspiring truth of man's double immortality, earthly and heavenly, having once been given to humanity, will never be let go. "No season ever passes when some one may not say to a friend, "He whom thou lovest is sick"; but the sickness, as Jesus says, is not unto death; for, when the light of the glory of God falls upon it, it is transmuted into life. Death is not the dark valley, leading down, but the bright archway, leading up. There is another continent beyond the sea. The map of this life suggests another life; it is needful to complete the sphere; both hemispheres of life are ours, and the sea does not separate, but unites. The celestial way is still open. Can anything but our faithless hearts close the gate? Even they cannot quite close it; for light enough shines through, every time it opens, to make us say, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."—*Leaflets for Lent, W. P. Tilden.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The following books are offered by Mrs. H. L. Morse, 9 Whittemore Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Medical Works.

The Therapeutic Gazette, 1906; *The American Journal of Clinical Medicine*, Aug.-Feb.

1906; *The Journal of American Medical Association*; *Medical Record*; *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

Miscellaneous.

"Jackson and New Orleans," by Alexander Walker; *Literary Digest*, entire year 1906; "Works of Josephus"; "Tennyson's Poems"; "Voices of the Night," Longfellow; "Moody's Talks on Temperance"; "A Memoir of Daniel Safford"; "Heaven, My Father's House," Kimball; "Lady of the Lake," Scott; "Christian Home Life"; Selections from the Sermons of Rev. Wesley Reid Davis, D.D.; "Manners and Social Usages."

The Brighton Branch offer the following books. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass. "His Majesty Myself"; "Is That All?" "Hetty's Strange History"; "A Daughter of the Philistines"; "Ralph Wilton's Weird"; "Saracinesca," F. Marion Crawford; "Abbé Constantin," Ludovic Halévy; "Hill's Rhetoric."

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Educational.

Wentworth's "Grammar School Arithmetic," "Plane and Spherical Geometry"; Longman's "Object-lessons in Physics"; Swinton's "Language Lessons"; "Common Errors in Reading and Spelling"; "Pronouncing Handbook"; "Simple Experiments for the School Room"; "American History Stories"; Dilland's "Exercises in Arithmetic"; Howard's "Examples and Problems in Arithmetic"; "Methods and Aids in Geography," C. F. King; Gifford's "Elementary Lessons in Physics"; "Geographical Reader," Johannot; Brooks's "Elementary Arithmetic"; "Elementary Text-books in German and French"; Speer's "Primary Arithmetic," Part I., for Teachers.

Miscellaneous.

"New England Ballads," Whittier; "Song of Hiawatha," Longfellow; "Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," "Tales of Chivalry," "The Talisman," Scott; "Daily Bread and Other Stories"; "Condemned as a Nihilist"; "With Wolfe in Canada"; "The Tiger of Mysore"; "The Lion of St. Mark"; "The Dragon and the Raven"; "The Dash for Khartoum," Henty.

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 7 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass.: "Forestry and Irrigation"; "Woodland and Roadside," official bulletin of the Massachusetts Forestry Association; *Home Science Magazine*; *Good Housekeeping*; *Boston Cooking-School Magazine*; *Table Talk* (these four magazines are very useful to housekeepers, particularly young housekeepers); "Music."

The Lexington Branch offers the following books. Address Mrs. M. E. Bennett or Mrs. George O. Davis, Lexington, Mass.

Juvenile.

"The Story of a Little Poet," Sophie Taylor; Grimm's "Household Fairy Tales"; "When Molly was Six," Eliza Orne White; "Mother Goose set to Music"; "General Sherman, His Life and Battles" (mostly one-syllable words), Forbes; "Child's History of England," Dickens.

For Youths and Maidens.

"In the Land of Cave and Cliff Dwellers," Schwatka; "Around the World through Arctics and Tropics," French; "The Century Book of the American Revolution," Elbridge S. Brooks; "Sunshine," selected poetry, stories, songs, and games; "Three Vassar Girls," L. W. Champney; Wood's "Natural History."

Educational.

"Grammar Land," Nesbit; "Physiology and Hygiene," Dalton; "Easy French Method," Ploetz; "Virgil."

Miscellaneous.

"Children's Rights," Kate Douglas Wiggin; "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," Holmes; Scott's "Poetical Works"; "Christus Victor," Dodge; "Life of William E. Gladstone," Cooke; "Beyond the Rockies," Stoddard; "Holiday Tales, Christmas in the Adirondacks," Murray; "Mémorial of a Brother," Hughes; "The Minute-man," Margaret Sidney; "The Bird's Calendar," M. A. Freeman.

Fiction.

"The Story of Bessie Costrell," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "The Conjuror's House," Stewart White; "A Study in Scarlet," Conan Doyle; "Captain January," Mrs. Richards; "Passe Rose," Hardy; "The

Story of an Untold Love," Ford; "Kit and Kittie," Blackmore.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *Kind Cheerful Letter Friends*,—I will be glad to receive any good reading that is sent me. I have appreciated all I have ever had. Would like to get high school books and a, b, c books, also good novels and magazines,—the *Ladies' Home Journal*,—also "The Speckled Bird," and "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, or any other reading. Mrs. Avie Turner, Athens, Texas. R. R. 2. Box 47.

2. Miss Maud Dawes, Beaver, Wyoming, asks for a Manual in Geometry, by Wentworth and Hill.

3. My address is changed from Linden, Oklahoma, to Norman, Oklahoma. I would be glad to receive some good reading matter especially current numbers of a woman's magazine, and some helps for kindergarten work for a little boy too young for school. And for myself and to pass on to other mothers the book "Gentle Measures in Training the Young." I hope the friend who sends me *The Cheerful Letter* will notice my change of address. As I lost her address, I cannot write to her. Mrs. Sue Turbyfill, Norman, Oklahoma.

4. Mrs. Mary Brown, Dellaplane, North Carolina, asks for "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor; "Wee Wifie," Rosa N. Carey; "Tom Brown's School Days," or any good reading matter.

5. I would be very glad to get some kindergarten or primary books to teach my little boy. Mrs. Elsie Rice, Protection, Kansas.

6. Will any Cheerful Letter friend who has it to loan please let me have "Sandy," written by the author of "Lovey Mary"? Will be glad of any good New England story or any of Chestnut's works. It has been quite a while since I have read a real good story book, and I do like to read. Will pass on all I do not have to return. Mrs. A. F. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina.

7. About a year ago a Cheerful Letter friend very kindly sent me "The Life of

Jonathan Edwards," by Alexander V. G. Allen, D.D. I have greatly relished reading the book, and it has sharpened my appetite to read more about this eminent man; to read some of his writings. I should feel grateful to have Dr. Dwight's "Life of Jonathan Edwards" or any of the published writings of this "first American writer to attain a European reputation." Rev. Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

8. Irving's "Sketch Book," Gray's Elegy, "The Ancient Mariner," and "The Deserted Village" are asked for by Miss Ella Freeman, Dover, North Carolina.

9. Mrs. Annie L. Wright, Dodson, Virginia, would like "Business Guide," by J. L. Nichols, or any business guide suitable for a boy of fourteen years.

10. Miss Ella Ferguson, Latham, Alabama, would be pleased to receive some religious papers or books.

11. Miss Maud Luck, Lewiston, Virginia, will be glad of any good reading.

12. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or any book suitable for a girl fourteen years of age is asked for by Mary C. Thornton, Lowerville, Virginia.

13. Miss Mattie E. Sale, New Castle, North Carolina, especially wants Bennett's "Latin Grammar," "Composition," "Cicero," and Irving's "Sketch Book."

14. I am so in need of books to help me in my course in journalism, and am unable to buy them, as I am a widow with three children and an aged grandmother to support. If I can receive a good dictionary, any parts of an encyclopædia, book of synonyms, and any standard works, I shall indeed be thankful, and can, perhaps, send some that I have to others. Mrs. Mae Loughmiller, Tom Bean, Texas.

15. Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching," Huxley's "Science and Culture," and Webster's "International Dictionary" are very much wanted by Mrs. M. M. Free, Florence, Mass., for a teacher who needs them and will be most grateful.

16. Will you ask for some good books for boys ranging in age from six to eighteen, and also for their papa some good magazine? We haven't our mamma to select what she would have us read, so please send good books

which you would like for boys to read. Our little boys would like some pretty pictures and books. As I am eleven years old, I'm quite big; and I'm my papa's cook, so I would be very glad to get a cook book or any help to teach me to cook well. We are farmers. Fred C. Harper, Carl, Oklahoma.

17. Rev. E. B. TreFethren, Waubay, South Dakota, asks for any of the following numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly* to complete his set: vol. xii., No. 1; vol. xv., Nos. 3, 6; vol. xvi., Nos. 2, 4; vol. liii., No. 5; vol. lv., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; vol. lvi., Nos. 1, 2; vol. lvii., Nos. 1, 3; vol. lix., No. 4; vol. lxii., Nos. 3, 5; vol. lxiii., No. 5; vol. lxiv., No. 3; vol. lxvi., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; vol. lxvii., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8; vol. lxviii., Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; vol. lxix., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. In regard to these numbers, address Mr. TreFethren directly.

18. Mrs. H. M. Hutchinson, Cass Lake, Minnesota, asks for "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Psychology in Education," by R. N. Roark. Write to her before sending these books, so that she may not receive several copies.

Mrs. A. F. Edward has moved from Pleasant Valley to Placerville, Colorado.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HUBERT; OR, HOW NOT TO DO IT.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Wood was the more willing to consent at last, though reluctantly, to Hubert's planting his garden in his own way, on account of her being so confident that he would get tired of it in a short time, and would not take good care of it, and that it would then be easy for her to persuade him to give it up, and let Robert put turnips in the ground.

It so happened that a few days after this Mrs. Wood went out of town, and was gone about three weeks. In the mean time Hubert's seeds came up; and, as soon as they were so far out of the ground that he could distinguish the flowers from the weeds, he attended carefully to the weeding of the bed, and put it in what seemed to him excellent order. He went over it carefully again the day before his aunt was to return, so that she might see that it was safe to trust him with a piece of ground. He wheeled away all the weeds from the paths, and then straightened the edges of his bed as carefully as possible. Of

course he could not get the sides perfectly straight, nor make the corners perfectly square, nor could he get out every one of the weeds. Some little rogues will hide away where you cannot find them; and, even if you could find and eradicate every single weed that has shown its head above ground, and leave your garden perfectly free at night, some would come up while you were asleep, so that your beds would not be perfectly free in the morning.

When Mrs. Wood went out into her garden on the day after her return, Hubert was quite eager to take her to see his bed. His aunt showed no interest in going, being occupied in examining her own beds and in giving fresh directions to Robert. She put Hubert off several times; but at last she said, "Well, I suppose I must go and see your bed, and I may as well go now, perhaps, as at any time."

When she came to the bed, she surveyed it a few minutes in silence, and then said, speaking hesitatingly and doubtfully:—

"Well, well, Hubert, on the whole, you have done pretty well; better, in fact, than I expected. Your beans have come up nicely; but don't you wish that you had taken my advice, and planted something prettier there?"

"And, Hubert, it would be a good plan," she continued, "to make the edges of your bed straight and the corners square. You have got it in *pretty* good shape now, but I am very particular about everything in my garden. I must have everything *perfect*. And how about the weeds? Let me see if you have got out all the weeds."

So saying, she began to look very closely along the rows of plants that were coming up, pushing them aside with her hands, to see if there were any hidden weeds to be found.

"You've done pretty well on the whole," she said. "But you have not found all the weeds. See! there's one, and there's another, and there's another! There are quite a number. They are small, it is true; but they'll soon grow bigger if you don't keep them out. You can't be too particular in doing your weeding thoroughly. You know the ground was to be forfeited if you did not keep it clear of weeds."

Hubert was beginning to feel very much disturbed in mind, and discouraged. He said nothing, but turned his face a little to one side, as if to conceal his emotion. His aunt perceived that he was troubled and said:—

"But you need not be disheartened about it. I don't know but that you have done as well as I could have expected. We ought

not to expect that little boys should be able to keep a garden very nicely. It is very particular work, you know. I told you that you would not persevere and keep the weeds out, and I ought not to expect you should. Besides, you have really done it pretty well considering."

These words, instead of comforting Hubert, only seemed to trouble him more and more, and Mrs. Wood, perceiving it, thought she would not press the subject any farther, but turned to go away, saying to herself: "His feelings seem to be hurt, though I don't know why. I am sure I have not said anything to trouble him. On the contrary, I have said everything to excuse him. Perhaps I said *too* much. It won't do for me to be so indulgent as to lower his standard and make him careless."

Mrs. Wood made a great point of keeping up the standard of excellence for children very high, which is an excellent thing, provided it is done in the right way.

As soon as she had gone, Hubert walked slowly away in the contrary direction. He sauntered along a path which led to the end of the garden, where there was a stile, leading over into a field beyond. He went over the stile, and sat down upon the lower step, on the side toward the field, where he was, in a great measure, out of sight. He remained here for several minutes, doing nothing except that he pulled off, in apparent abstraction, some heads of grass and clover that grew by his side, and threw them out into the path before him.

Presently he rose, returned over the stile, and began to walk back along the path toward the house, with the air of one who, after a period of doubt and uncertainty, has come to a conclusion. He went directly to the place where the garden tools were kept, and took a spade. He then returned to his ground and began spading it up, commencing at one end, and taking in the path which he had made along the back side of it, and turning everything under. He persevered diligently at this work for an hour, and at the end of that time all traces of his garden were obliterated, except that the portion of the ground which it had occupied had the appearance of having been spaded over.

When this was done, he went and put away the spade, and then he called out to Robert, who was working at a little distance from him, saying:—

"Robert, isn't it almost time for you to put in your second planting of peas?"

"Yes," said Robert, "I'm going to do it to-morrow."

"Well, you can put them in my bed."

"In your bed?" exclaimed Robert, surprised.

"Yes," replied Hubert. "I've spaded it up all ready for you. I'm not going to have any garden."

"Master Hubert," exclaimed Robert, "I did not know that you were so changeable."

"You won't have any work to do to prepare the ground," continued Hubert; "but you will have some extra trouble about the weeding. There were a good many of my flowers that had not come up, and, if they come up now, after your peas are planted, they'll only be weeds."—"Hubert," by Jacob Abbott.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

II.

Much of this, it may be said, is instinctive. We must, therefore, distinguish between instinct and intelligence. Many writers on the subject of animals have not carefully distinguished these very different activities of the soul. Even M. Leroy, one of the first in modern times who brought careful observation to the study of the nature of animals, has not always kept in view this distinction,—as has been noticed by a subsequent French writer of very considerable ability, M. Flourens. The following marks, according to M. Flourens, distinguish instinct from intelligence:—

<i>Instinct.</i>	<i>Intelligence.</i>
Is spontaneous.	Is deliberate.
" necessary.	" conditional.
" invariable.	" modifiable.
" innate.	Comes from observation and experience.
" fatal.	Is free.
" particular.	" general.

Thus the building faculty of the beaver is an instinct, for it acts spontaneously, and always in the same way. It is not a general faculty of building in all places and ways, but a special power of building houses of sticks, mud, and other material, with the entrance under water and a dry place within. When beavers build on a running stream, they begin by making a dam across it, which preserves them from losing the water in a drought; but this also is a spontaneous and invariable act. The old stories of their driving piles, using their tails for trowels, and having well-planned houses with many chambers, have been found to be fictitious. That the beaver builds by instinct, though intelligence comes in to modify the instinct,

appears from his wishing to build his house or his dam when it is not needed. Mr. Broderip, the English naturalist, had a pet beaver that manifested his building instinct by dragging together warning-pans, sweeping-brushes, boots and sticks, which he would lay crosswise. He would then fill in his wall with clothes, bits of coal, turf, laying it very even. Finally, he made a nest for himself behind his wall with clothes, hay, and cotton. As this creature had been brought from America very young, all this procedure must have been instinctive. But his intelligence showed itself in his adapting his mode of building to his new circumstances. His instinct led him to build his wall and to lay his sticks crosswise, and to fill in with what he could find, according to the universal and spontaneous procedure of all beavers. But his making use of a chest of drawers for one side of the wall, and taking brushes and boots instead of cutting down trees, were, no doubt, acts of intelligence.

A large part of the wonderful procedure of bees is purely instinctive. Bees, from the beginning of the world, and in all countries of the earth, have lived in similar communities; have had their queen, to lay eggs for them; if their queen is lost, have developed a new one in the same way, by altering the conditions of existence in one of their larvae; have constructed their hexagonal cells by the same mathematical law, so as to secure the most strength with the least outlay of material. All this is instinct; for it is spontaneous and not deliberate, it is universal and constant. But, when the bee deflects his comb in order to avoid a stick thrust across the inside of the hive, and begins the variation before he reaches the stick, this can only be regarded as an act of intelligence.

Animals, then, have both instincts and intelligence, and so has man. A large part of human life proceeds from tendencies as purely, if not as vigorously, instinctive as those of animals. Man has social instincts which create human society. Children play from an instinct. The maternal instinct in a human mother is, till modified by reflection, as spontaneous, universal, and necessary as the same instinct in animals. But in man the instincts are reduced to a minimum, and are soon modified by observation, experience, and reflection. In animals they are at their maximum, and are modified in a much less degree.

It is sometimes said that animals do not reason, but man does. But animals are quite capable of at least two modes of reasoning,—that of comparison and that of inference. They compare two modes of

action, or two substances, and judge the one to be preferable to the other, and accordingly select it. Sir Emerson Tennent tells us that elephants, employed to build stone walls in Ceylon, will lay each stone in its place, then stand off and look to see if it is plumb, and, if not, will move it with their trunk, till it lies perfectly straight. This is a pure act of reflective judgment. He narrates an adventure which befell himself in Ceylon while riding on a narrow road through the forest. He heard a rumbling sound approaching, and directly there came to meet him an elephant, bearing on his tusks a large log of wood, which he had been directed to carry to the place where it was needed. Sir Emerson Tennent's horse, unused to these monsters, was alarmed and refused to go forward. The sagacious elephant, perceiving this, evidently decided that he must himself go out of the way. But, to do this, he was obliged first to take the log from his tusks with his trunk, and lay it on the ground, which he did, and then backed out of the road between the trees till only his head was visible. But the horse was still too timid to go by, whereupon the judicious pachyderm pushed himself farther back, till all of his body, except the end of his trunk, had disappeared. Then Sir Emerson succeeded in getting his horse by, but stopped to witness the result. The elephant came out, took the log up again, laid it across his tusks, and went on his way. This story, told by an unimpeachable witness, shows several successive acts of reasoning. The log-bearer inferred from the horse's terror that it would not pass; he again inferred that in that case he must himself get out of the way; that to do this he must lay down his log; that he must go farther back; and accompanying this was his sense of duty, making him faithful to his task, and, most of all, his consideration of what was due to this human traveller, which kept him from driving the horse and man before him as he went on.

There is another well-authenticated anecdote of an elephant. He was following an ammunition wagon, and saw the man who was seated on it fall off just before the wheel. The man would have been crushed had not the animal instantly run forward, and, without an order, lifted the wheel with his trunk, and held it suspended in the air, till the wagon had passed over the man without hurting him. Here were combined presence of mind, good will, knowledge of the danger to the man, and a rapid calculation of how he could be saved.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

(To be continued.)

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

(Continued.)

And for years the alternations went on in my poor young heart and brain, one week or month of rational and moral disbelief, and the next of vehement, remorseful return to the faith which I supposed could alone give me the joy of religion. As time went on, and my reading supplied me with a little more knowledge and my doubts deepened and accumulated, the returns to Christian faith grew fewer and shorter; and, as I had no idea of the possibility of reaching any other vital religion, I saw all that had made to me the supreme joy and glory of life fade out of it, while that motive which had been presented to me as the mainspring of duty and curb of passion—namely, the hope of heaven—vanished as a dream. I always had, as I have described, somewhat of that *mal-du-ciel* which Lamartine talks of, that longing, as from the very depths of our being, for an Eden of divine, eternal love. I could scarcely in those days read even such poor stuff as the song of the Peri in Moore's "Lalla Rookh" (not to speak of Bunyan's vision of the Celestial City) without tears rushing to my eyes. But this, I saw, must all go with the rest. If, as Clough was saying, all unknown to me, about that same time,—

"Christ is not risen, no!
He lies and moulders low";

if all the Christian revelation were a mass of mistakes and errors, no firmer ground on which to build than the promises of Mahomet, or of Buddha, or of the Old Man of the Mountain,—of course there was (so far as I saw) no reason left for believing in any heaven at all, or any life after death. Neither had the moral law, which had come to me through that supposed revelation on Sinai and the Mount of Galilee, any claim to my obedience other than might be made out by identifying it with principles common to heathen and Christian alike,—an identity of which, at that epoch, I had as yet only the vaguest ideas. In short my poor young soul was in a fearful dilemma. On the one hand I had the choice to accept a whole mass of dogmas against which my reason and conscience rebelled; on the other, to abandon those dogmas and strive no more to believe the incredible, or to revere what I instinctively condemned; and then, as a necessary sequel, to cast aside the laws of duty which I had hitherto cherished, to cease to pray or take the sacrament, and to relinquish the hope of a life beyond the grave.

It was not very wonderful if, as I think

I can recall, my disposition underwent a considerable change for the worse while all these tremendous questions were being debated in my solitary walks in the woods and by the seashore, and in my room at night over my Gibbon or my Bible. I know I was often bitter and morose and selfish; and then came the alternate spell of paroxysms of self-reproach and fanciful self-tormentings.

The life of a young woman in such a home as mine is so guarded round on every side, and the instincts of a girl are so healthy, that the dangers incurred even in such a spiritual landslip as I have described are very limited compared to what they must inevitably be in the case of young men or of women less happily circumstanced. It has been my profound sense of the awful perils of such a downfall of faith as I experienced, the peril of moral shipwreck without compass or anchorage amid the tempests of youth, which has spurred me ever since to forestall for others the hour of danger.

At last my efforts to believe in orthodox Christianity ceased altogether. In the summer after my twentieth birthday I had reached the end of the long struggle. The complete downfall of evangelicalism—which seems to have been effected in George Eliot's strong brain in a single fortnight of intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Bray—had taken in my case four long years of miserable mental conflict and unspeakable pain. It left me with something as nearly like a *Tabula rasa* of faith as can well be imagined. I definitely disbelieved in human immortality and in a supernatural revelation. The existence of God I neither denied nor affirmed. I felt I had no means of coming to any knowledge of him. I was, in fact (long before the word was invented) precisely—an agnostic.

One day, while thus literally creedless, I wandered out alone as my wont into a part of our park a little more wild than the rest, where deer were formerly kept, and sat down among the rocks and the gorse which was then in its summer glory of odorous blossoms, ever since rich to me with memories of that hour. It was a sunny day in May, and, after reading a little of my favorite Shelley, I fell, as often happened, into mournful thought. I was profoundly miserable, profoundly conscious of the deterioration and sliding down of all my feelings and conduct from the high ambitions of righteousness and holiness which had been mine in the days of my Christian faith and prayer, and at the same time I knew that the whole scaffolding of that

higher life had fallen to pieces and could never be built up again. While I was thus musing despairingly, something stirred within me, and I asked myself: "Can I not rise once more, conquer my faults, and live up to my own idea of what is right and good? Even though there be no life after death, I may yet deserve my own respect here and now; and, if there be a God, he must approve me."

The resolution was made very seriously. I came home to begin a new course and to cultivate a different spirit. Was it strange that in a few days I began instinctively and almost without reflection to pray again? No longer did I make any kind of effort to believe this thing or the other about God. I simply addressed him as the Lord of conscience, whom I implored to strengthen my good resolutions, to forgive my faults, "to lift me out of the mire and clay and set my feet upon a rock and order my goings." Of course, there was Christian sentiment and the results of Christian training in all I felt and did. I could no more have cast them off than I could have leaped off my shadow.

The storms of my youth were over. Henceforth through many years there was a progressive advance to theism as I have attempted to describe it in my books; and there were many, many hard moral fights with various Apollyons all along the road; but no more spiritual revolutions.

About thirty years after that day, to me so memorable, I read in Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Life of Robertson,"* these words, which seem truly to tell my own story, and which I believe recorded Robertson's own experience a little later:—

"It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it blindly rested are many of them rotten. . . . I know but one way in which a man can come forth from this agony scathless: it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these landmarks. I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that agony and stood upon the rock at last, with a faith and hope and trust no longer traditional, but his own." *Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

*F. W. Robertson of Brighton, the distinguished preacher, belonging to the Church of England.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 6, 2, 9, 24, is a wild animal.
My 27, 8, 12, 28, is a water plant.
My 5, 16, 1, 15, is the extreme border of anything.
My 4, 7, 21, is the diocese of a bishop.
My 20, 3, 11, 30, is a kind of head covering.
My 10, 29, 13, 5, is a flower.
My 22, 12, 18, is a kind of fluid.
My 26, is a vowel.
My 17, 19, is a preposition.
My 14, 23, 25, 9, 21, is an appellation of honor.
My whole is a Berlin proverb.

II.

CONUNDRUMS.

3. What is the longest word in the English language?
4. Who first introduced salt meat into the navy?
5. I went out one day to take a walk, and I met three beggars, to one I gave 10 cents, to the second I also gave 10 cents, and to the third I gave but five. What time of day was it by the amount I gave away?

III.

PUZZLE.

My puzzle has four sides, *a, b, c, d.*

- a.* My first side is a side,
That's all there is of it.
- b.* My second is alongside
And never above it.
- c.* My third is the seashore
Frequented by tourists
- d.* My last is the duty of
Eminent jurists.

IV.

HIDDEN CITIES.

- I. Is that Hindu blind? He seems so very old.
- II. When the pain is constant, I no pleasure know.

III. I think it picturesque, because it isn't very flat.

IV. She led her suitor on to offer her his hand.

V. At last pa ultimately decided to agree.

V.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS:

- I. Clearly An Accident.
- II. Our Well-known Humorist.
- III. Able Lawgiver.
- IV. He Wrote Lyrics.
- V. Everybody Esteems Him.
- VI. June's Rare Lover.

Answers to Puzzles in March Number.

- I. Herodotus.
- II. 1. Corsica. 2. Cyprus. 3. Isle of Rhodes. 4. Canary. 5. Cuba.
- III. 1. Nothing. 2. Trouble.
- IV. 1. Wellesley. 2. Cornwallis. 3. Burgoyne. 4. Carleton. 5. Churchill.

V.

C
D A Y
C A B I N
H I T
N

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